REQUIRED POETRY FOR MEMORIZING

In the New York City Public Schools

EDITED BY
JAMES J. REYNOLDS
District Superintendent of the New York City Public Schools

BOOK ONE

GRADES 1A to 3B

NOBLE AND NOBLE, *Publishers*
76 Fifth Avenue - New York

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INTRODUCTION

This book has been prepared especially for the pupils and teachers of the New York City Public Schools who have been unable to secure the poems and selections suggested for memorizing in the Course of Study.

This Syllabus states that "The pupils should memorize one poem or one prose selection of permanent value each week or fortnight, according to the difficulty of the selection. Memorizing in wholes is recommended where it is possible. Should it be necessary to divide the poem, partition should be made with due regard to preserving the unity of the whole.

"Committing to memory should not be attempted until after the whole poem has been at least fairly well understood and appreciated.

"Much of the value of memorizing has been lost in the past because the Course of Study did not provide for cumulative review. At least one selection from each of the preceding grades should be reviewed as part of the assigned work for each successive grade."

It is suggested that the teacher, at the beginning of the lesson, drill carefully on the proper grouping of the words. No fault is more common than stopping at the end of each line with a rising inflection. This produces a sing-song effect and develops a habit that is very difficult to break in the upper grades.

The New York City Course of Study and its application to our City Schools has been kept in mind in compiling this book. All of the poems have been quoted in their entirety, leaving the choice of dividing them to the pupils and teachers.

In the case of the Mother Goose Riddles the answer is printed in italics below the main title. In such cases it is better for the teacher to discuss these rhymes first and let the children guess the answer. This procedure will enliven the lesson.

Short biographies of all the authors are included. The pupils should be required to know when each poet was born, when he or she died, and one important fact about his or her life. In the upper grades pupils should be required to read other works of the authors represented in this collection.

Between the poems of each grade will be found a List of Contents for the succeeding grade. This List of Contents has been taken verbatim from the New York City Course of Study so that the pupil and teacher may use this book without referring to the Syllabus.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to Angela M. Keyes, Head of the English Department of the Maxwell Training School, Brooklyn. In her position as Chairman of the Committee selected to revise this section of the latest Course of Study in English for the New York City Public Schools, she was of invaluable assistance to us in locating the selections required by the Syllabus.

We sincerely trust that this book of Poetry will be a source of enjoyment and inspiration to all who read and memorize the selections.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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FIRST YEAR—FIRST HALF

LITTLE PUSSY

Jane Taylor was born in England in 1783 and died in 1824. She began writing poetry while still a young girl. During her life she wrote several stories and poems especially for children.

I love little Pussy,
  Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her,
  She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
  Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
  Very gently will play.

She shall sit by my side,
  And I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me, because
  I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
  And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
  For my kindness to her.

I'll not pinch her ears,
  Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
  To use her sharp claw.

I never will vex her,
  Nor make her displeased,
For Puss doesn't like
  To be worried nor teased.

—*Jane Taylor.*

WRENS AND ROBINS IN THE HEDGE

Christina Rossetti was born in London in 1830 and died in 1894. Christina's father and mother were Italians. When Christina grew up she wrote many beautiful poems for children. Many of her poems are of a mystic or religious nature.

Wrens and robins in the hedge,
Wrens and robins here and there;
Building, perching, pecking, fluttering,
Everywhere!

—*Christina Rossetti.*

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The great stars are the sheep,

The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—*From the German.*

LOVE ME,—I LOVE YOU

Love me,—I love you,
Love me, my baby;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Sing it as may be.

Mother's arms under you,
Her eyes above you;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Love me,—I love you.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

I ONCE HAD A SWEET LITTLE DOLL, DEARS

(*The Lost Doll*)

Charles Kingsley was born in England in 1819 and lived there until his death in 1875.

Kingsley was a minister. He became very well known both as a minister and as a writer. He wrote many books including a fairy tale, *The Water Babies,* which all children should read.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair so prettily curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the fields one day,
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the fields one day.
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away;

And her arms trodden off by the cows,
dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled,
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still,
dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE RAIN IS RAINING ALL AROUND

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Scotland in 1850 and died in 1894 in the island of Samoa, far away in the Pacific Ocean, where he had gone for his health.

He wrote many poems and stories including *A Child's Garden of Verse* which contains the poems little children love.

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

EIGHT O'CLOCK

Eight o'clock;
The postman's knock!
Five letters for Papa;
  One for Lou,
  And none for you,
And three for dear Mamma.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

Mother Goose is supposed to have lived in Boston many years ago. She lived with her daughter who was married. Mother Goose made up these rhymes to tell to her little grand-daughter. The child's father was a printer. He copied the rhymes so that other children might enjoy them, too.

MISTRESS MARY

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
  How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells and silver bells,
  And pretty maids all in a row.

—*Mother Goose.*

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

—*Mother Goose.*

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

—*Mother Goose.*

I HAD A LITTLE PONY

I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple Gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away;
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

—*Mother Goose.*

SOME LITTLE MICE SAT IN A BARN TO SPIN

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by and popped his head in.
"Shall I come in and cut off your threads?"
"Oh, no! kind sir, you will bite off our heads!"

—*Mother Goose.*

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

Daffy-Down-Dilly
Has come up to town,
In a green petticoat
And a bright yellow gown.

—*Mother Goose.*

ONCE I SAW A LITTLE BIRD

Once I saw a little bird
  Go hop, hop, hop,
So I cried, "Little bird,
  Will you stop, stop, stop?"

I was opening the window
  To say, "How do you do?"
But it shook its little tail,
  And far away it flew.

—*Mother Goose.*

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them, indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

—*Mother Goose.*

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue,
  Come blow your horn,
Your sheep's in the meadow,
  Your cow's in the corn.
Where's the boy that looks after the
    sheep?
He's under the haystack, fast asleep.

Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

—*Mother Goose.*

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep,
  Have you any wool?
Yes, sir; yes, sir;
  Three bags full:

One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.

—*Mother Goose.*

THIRTY WHITE HORSES

(*Your Teeth*)

Thirty white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they stand still.

—*Mother Goose.*

HUMPTY DUMPTY

(*An Egg*)

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses, and all the King's men,
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.

—*Mother Goose.*

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

FIRST YEAR—SECOND HALF

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

Alfred, Lord Tennyson was born in England in 1809 and died there in 1892.

Tennyson wrote many beautiful poems, which everyone should read. He was very careful with all his poems. He spent a great deal of time going over them again and again to make the poems perfect before he let other people see them. Tennyson is one of the world's greatest poets.

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie;
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger."
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

—*Jane Taylor.*

GOOD NEWS

(*Spring*)

Mrs. Celia (Laighton) Thaxter was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1836 and died in 1894.

Her father was the keeper of a lighthouse. Ships at sea would see the light and be warned of the dangerous rocks. It was in this lighthouse that Celia spent most of her life.

The alder by the river
  Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
  For little boys and girls.
The little birds fly over,
  And oh, how sweet they sing!

To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.
And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.
Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
God made them all for you.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

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A CHILL

What can lambkins do
  All the keen night through?
Nestle by their woolly mother,
  The careful ewe.

What can nestlings do
  In the nightly dew?
Sleep beneath their mother's wing
  Till day breaks anew.

If in field or tree
  There might only be
Such a warm, soft sleeping-place
  Found for me!

—*Christina Rossetti.*

OVER IN THE MEADOW

Over in the meadow,
  In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
  And her little toadie one.

"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one;
So she winked and she blinked
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two;
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother-bluebird
And her little birdies three.
"Sing," said the mother;
"We sing," said the three;
So they sang and were glad
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat,
And her little ratties four.
"Dive," said the mother;
"We dive," said the four;
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother-honey-bee
And her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five;
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six.

"Caw!" said the mother;
"We caw," said the six;
So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp!" said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven;
So they chirped cheery notes,
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.
"Bask!" said the mother;
"We bask," said the eight;
So they basked in the sun,
On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother-frog
And her little froggies nine.
"Croak!" said the mother;
"We croak," said the nine;
So they croaked and they plashed
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
And her little spiders ten.
"Spin!" said the mother;
"We spin," said the ten;
So they spun lace webs,
In their sly little den.

Over in the meadow,
In the soft summer even,
Lived a mother-firefly
And her little flies eleven.

"Shine!" said the mother;
"We shine," said the eleven;
So they shone like stars,
In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,
Where the men dig and delve,
Lived a wise mother-ant
And her little anties twelve.
"Toil!" said the mother;
"We toil," said the twelve;
So they toiled and were wise,
Where the men dig and delve.

—Olive A. Wadsworth.

WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER

William Blake was born in London in 1757 and died there in 1827.

Blake was a dreamy boy, who spent most of his time drawing and writing poetry. To-day many people think that his poems are among the best that has ever been written.

A Robin Redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage.

A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.

He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men.

—*William Blake.*

THE DEWDROP

Frank Dempster Sherman was born in Peekskill, New York, in 1860 and died in 1916.

After graduating from Columbia University, he taught there for many years. He also found time to write many charming little poems.

Little drop of dew,
  Like a gem you are;
I believe that you
  Must have been a star.

When the day is bright,
On the grass you lie;
Tell me, then, at night
Are you in the sky?

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

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MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back,
And, when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

—*Mother Goose.*

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and
torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the
morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and
shorn,
That married the man all tattered and
torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the
morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and
shorn,
That married the man all tattered and
torn,

That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

—*Mother Goose.*

DING, DONG, BELL

Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Glynn.
Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown the poor, poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.

—*Mother Goose.*

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing!

—*Mother Goose.*

WHEN THE WIND IS IN THE EAST

When the wind is in the East,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the North,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the South
It blows the bait in fish's mouth;
When the wind is in the West
Then 'tis at its very best.

—*Mother Goose.*

MARCH WINDS AND APRIL SHOWERS

March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

—*Mother Goose.*

LONG LEGS, CROOKED THIGHS

(*A Pair of Tongs*)

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head, and no eyes.

—*Mother Goose.*

OLD MOTHER TWITCHETT

(A *Needle and Thread*)

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

—*Mother Goose.*

LITTLE NANCY ETTICOAT

(A Candle)

Little Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

—*Mother Goose.*

I HAVE A LITTLE SISTER

(A Star)

I have a little sister, they call her peep, peep;
She wades the waters deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains high, high, high;
Poor little creature, she has but one eye.

—*Mother Goose.*

AS I WENT THROUGH THE GARDEN GAP

(A Cherry)

As I went through the garden gap,
Whom should I meet but Dick Red-Cap;
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat;
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.

—*Mother Goose.*

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

SECOND YEAR—FIRST HALF

HUSH! THE WAVES ARE ROLLING IN

Hush! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep,—
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.

—*Old Gaelic Lullaby.*

LITTLE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest cloth, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice
Making all the vales rejoice;
  Little lamb, who made thee?
  Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb:
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.

I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee,
Little lamb, God bless thee.

—William Blake.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

—Christina Rossetti

Do a kindness to some one every day.

—Maxim.

A LOVABLE CHILD

Anne Emilie Poulsson was born in Cedar Grove, New Jersey, in 1853. She is now living in Boston.

She had to leave school because of poor eyesight. Later she taught in a school for the blind but gave it up so that she could spend all her time writing. She has written many stories and poems for children.

Frisky as a lambkin
  Busy as a bee—
That's the kind of little girl
  People like to see.

Modest as a violet,
  As a rosebud sweet—
That's the kind of little girl
  People like to meet.

Bright as is a diamond,
  Pure as any pearl—
Everyone rejoices in
  Such a little girl.

Happy as a robin,
  Gentle as a dove—
That's the kind of little girl
  Everyone will love.

Fly away and seek her,
  Little song of mine,
For I choose that very girl
  As my Valentine.

—*Emilie Poulsson.*

From *Child Stories and Rhymes.* Used by permission of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

OBEDIENCE

Alice and Phœbe Cary were sisters. They were born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Alice was born in 1820 and Phœbe four years later. Both sisters died in 1871.

Although the sisters did not have very much of an education they began to write when they were young. They have both written many beautiful poems and stories.

If you're told to do a thing,
  And mean to do it really;
Never let it be by halves;
  Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a poor excuse,
  Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
  Must be prompt and ready.

—*Phœbe Cary.*

GROWING IN THE VALE

Growing in the vale
  By the uplands hilly,
Growing straight and frail,
  Lady Daffadowndilly.

In a golden crown,
And a scant green gown
  While the spring blows chilly,
Lady Daffadown,
  Sweet Daffadowndilly.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the Night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped
them down
Into the meadows of the town.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

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LADY MOON

Lord Houghton was born in England in 1809 and died in 1885. His real name was Richard Monckton Milnes but in 1863 he was made an English Baron and so took the name of Lord Houghton. For many years he served his country as a member of Parliament.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child, if you love me
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are
you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are
you loving?
All that love me.

—Lord Houghton.

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed, and see
The birds still hopping on the tree;
Or hear the grown up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—Robert Louis Stevens

THE WIND AND THE MOON

George Macdonald was born in Scotland in 1824.
He studied to be a minister and spent his life preaching and writing. His writings include both poetry and stories.

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will
blow you out,
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you
out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the
Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered
soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that
Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there
again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and
plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out
again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon
grew dim.
"With my sledge,
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than
dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned
to a thread.
"One puff

More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone—
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,

He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar—
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of
power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the
sky—
Then blew her in; what strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about
the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind
blare.

—*George Macdonald.*

THE MOON

The moon has a face like a clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbor quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But of all the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE BABY

"Where did you come from, baby dear?"
"Out of the everywhere into the here."

"Where did you get your eyes so blue?"
"Out of the skies, as I came through."

"What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?"
"Some of the starry spikes left in."

"Where did you get that little tear?"
"I found it waiting when I got here."

"What makes your forehead so smooth and high?"
"A soft hand stroked it as I went by."

"What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?"
"Something better than anyone knows."

"Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?"
"Three angels gave me at once a kiss."

"Where did you get that pearly ear?"
"God spoke, and it came out to hear."

"Where did you get those arms and hands?"
"Love made itself into hooks and bands."

"Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?"
"From the same box as the cherub's wings."

"How did they all just come to be you?"
"God thought about me, and so I grew."

"But how did you come to us, you dear?"
"God thought of you, and so I am here."

—*George Macdonald.*

THE ELF-MAN

John Kendrick Bangs was born in Yonkers, New York, in 1862 and died in Atlantic City in 1922. After graduating from Columbia University, he edited several magazines, including "Life" and "Harper's Weekly." He is noted for the many funny stories he has written.

I met a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

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IF ALL WERE RAIN AND NEVER SUN

If all were rain and never sun,
No bow could span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

AMERICA

Samuel Francis Smith was born in Boston in 1808 and died in 1895.

While attending a school in Andover, to learn to become a minister, he wrote one of our best known hymns, *America.* This song is sung wherever true Americans gather because it speaks of our love for our country.

My country! 'tis of thee,
  Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
  Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
  From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*

SECOND YEAR—SECOND HALF

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
  Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle, and all
  Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
  Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
  Up in the air and down!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE DUEL

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis in 1850 and died in Chicago in 1895.

After leaving college, he spent all his life writing for newspapers. He loved children and wrote many of his best poems for them.

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do
you think!)

Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(*I wasn't there; I simply state*
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind: I'm only telling you*
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we
do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico
flew!
(*Don't fancy I exaggerate!*
I got my views from the Chinese
plate!)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole the pair away!
But the truth about the cat and the pup
Is this: They ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(*The old Dutch clock it told me so,*
And that is how I came to know.)

—*Eugene Field.*

THE COW

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in England in 1772 and died there in 1834.

When only four years of age, he had read the *Arabian Nights*. After graduating from Oxford College, Coleridge wrote many beautiful poems.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving, all come back together;
Then the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,

The green fields below him, the blue
sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for-
ever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves
me."

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1818 and died in 1895.

During her life Mrs. Alexander wrote many hymns for schools and churches.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;—

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one;

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;—

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

—Cecil Frances Alexander.

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels
up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when
I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the
way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which
is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like
an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that
there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children
ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in
every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a
coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as
that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

DUTCH LULLABY

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"

Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—
Never afeared are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

—*Eugene Field.*

THE ROCK-A-BY-LADY

The Rock-a-by-Lady from Hush-a-by street
Comes stealing, comes creeping,
The poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet,
She bringeth her poppies to you, my Sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping.

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum,
Rub-a-dub it goeth;

There is one little dream of a big sugar plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come,
Of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth.

The dollies peep out of those wee, tiny dreams,
With laughter and singing,
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo, with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the mother moon beams
The fairies go winging.

Would you dream all these dreams, that are tiny and fleet,
They'll come to you sleeping,

So shut the two eyes that are weary,
my Sweet,
For the Rock-a-by-Lady from the Hush-
a-by street,
Comes stealing, comes creeping.

—*Eugene Field.*

WE THANK THEE

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, and died in 1882.

His father was a minister. Ralph Waldo Emerson also became a minister. After preaching for five years, he gave it up to spend the rest of his life writing and lecturing.

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see—
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,—
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair;
For love at home and school each day;
For guidance, lest we go astray,—
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

For Thy dear, everlasting arms,
That bear us o'er all ills and harms;
For blessed words of long ago,
That help us now thy will to know,—
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

Oliver Herford was born in England in 1863.

After studying art in London and Paris, he began to write as a pastime. About 1890 he came to this country, where he has lived ever since. He is well known for his funny little stories and poems.

Under a toadstool
Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain
To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool,
  Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
  All in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf
  Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away
  Lest he get wet.

To the next shelter
  Maybe a mile
Sudden the wee Elf
  Smiled a wee smile.

Tugged till the toadstool
  Toppled in two
Holding it over him
  Gayly he flew.

Soon he was safe home,
  Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse
  "Good gracious me!

Where is my toadstool!"
Loud he lamented,
And that's how umbrellas
First were invented.

—*Oliver Herford.*

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Isaac Watts was born in England in 1674 and died in 1748. It is said that Watts at the early age of seven, wrote hymns for his mother. When he grew up, he became a minister. He has written many hymns that are sung in the churches and also has written several books.

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight.

—*Isaac Watts.*

THE GOLDEN RULE

And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.

—*The Bible* (*Luke* 6: 13).

THE GOLDEN RULE

Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you.

—*The New England Primer.*

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

AMERICA

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,—
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*

THIRD YEAR—FIRST HALF

WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
  Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
  A man goes riding by.

Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?
Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
  And ships are tossed at sea,

By, on the highway, low and loud,
  By at the gallop goes he;
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

(*Ariel's Song*)

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon, England, in April 1564, and died there in 1616.

Shakespeare's father was not well educated. Shakespeare went to London when he was young, and soon became a famous actor and writer.

He is the greatest poet that has ever lived. He has written many plays that everyone should read.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

—*William Shakespeare.*

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

—*Thomas Jefferson.*

THE BROWN THRUSH

Lucy Larcom was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1826 and died in Boston in 1893.

Her father died when she was a child, so that Lucy had to give up school after attending for only three years and begin working in a factory. Later, when she was 20 years old, she was able to go to school again for a few more years. She became a teacher in the Boston schools. She has written many fine poems, especially for children.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting
up in the tree;
He's singing to me! He's singing to
me!
And what does he say, little girl, little
boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! look! in this tree,
I'm as happy, as happy can be!"

The brown thrush keeps singing: "A
nest do you see,
And five eggs are hid in the old apple
tree?

Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl,
little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away
in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl,
little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy;
But long it won't be.
Don't you know? Don't you see?
Unless we are as good as we ever
should be?"

—*Lucy Larcom.*

FERN SONG

John Banister Tabb was born in Virginia in 1845.
He fought with the Confederate forces during the Civil War, later he became a Catholic priest. He has written many beautiful poems.

Dance to the beat of the rain, little
Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Though the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He had labored, alas, in vain,
But for the shade
That the cloud hath made,
And the gift of the dew and the rain."
Then laugh and upturn
All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

—*John B. Tabb.*

From the collection of *Poems* by John B. Tabb, published by Small, Maynard and Company.

THE VIOLET

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

—*Jane Taylor.*

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW

Gabriel Setoun was born in Scotland in 1861 and is still living there.

His real name is Thomas Nicoll Hepburn. He is now principal of a large public school in Edinburgh. He has written many stories and poems for children under the name of Gabriel Setoun.

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

First, above the ground is seen
A tiny blade of purest green,
Reaching up and peeping forth
East and west, and south and north.

Then it shoots up day by day,
Circling in a curious way
Round a blossom, which it keeps
Warm and cozy while it sleeps.

Then the sunbeams find their way
To the sleeping bud and say,
"We are children of the sun
Sent to wake thee, little one."

And the leaflet opening wide
Shows the tiny bud inside,
Peeping with half-opened eye
On the bright and sunny sky.

Breezes from the west and south
Lay their kisses on its mouth;
Till the petals all are grown,
And the bud's a flower blown.

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

—*Gabriel Setoun.*

SHADOW MARCH

All round the house is the jet-black night:
It stares through the window-pane;
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like
a drum,
With the breath of the Bogie in my
hair;
And all round the candle the crooked
shadows come
And go marching along up the stair.

The shadow of the balusters, the shadow
of the lamp,
The shadow of the child that goes to
bed—
All the wicked shadows coming, tramp,
tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Success does not consist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one a second time.

—George Bernard Shaw.

THE TREE

Björnstjerne Björnson was born in Norway in 1832. He wrote many plays for the theater. He was so well liked in Norway that the government gave him money every year, so that he could spend all of his time writing.

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the mid-
summer glow;
Said the girl: "May I gather thy ber-
ries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his
laden boughs low.

—*Björnstjerne Björnson.*

AMERICA

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
  To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God our King.

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*

PROVERBS AND MAXIMS

Just do your best.

Good health is better than wealth.

Waste not, want not.

Handsome is as handsome does.

Better late than never.

Work first, and then rest.

Think before you speak.

Practice makes perfect.

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG

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THIRD YEAR—SECOND HALF

THE CHILD'S WORLD

William Brightly Rands was born in London, England, in 1823 and died in 1882.

He wrote many charming little poems of a humorous nature.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree.
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly Earth, how far do you
go,
With the wheat fields that nod, and the
rivers that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and
isles,
And people upon you for thousands
of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so
small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at
all;
And yet, when I said my prayer to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say:

"You are more than the Earth, though
you are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth
can not."

—*William Brightly Rands.*

THE NIGHT WIND

Have you ever heard the wind go
"Yooooo"?
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and
through
With a strange and speechless fear;
'Tis the voice of the night that broods
outside
When folks should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've
cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours
through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly
way:

"Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little tad)
That when the wind went wailing so
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow—
  You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
  I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
  Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some
      day
And up to bed are sent away
  From mother and the rest—
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
  And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest
      tone:

"Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!"

—*Eugene Field.*

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
  And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
  Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
  As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
  And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky
  Is prettier far than these.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

THE GARDENER

The gardener does not love to talk,
He makes me keep the gravel walk,
And when he puts his tools away,
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots, I see him dig,
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red, and
blue,
Nor wishes to be spoken to.
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,
And never seems to want to play.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE SHADOWS

All up and down in shadow-town
The shadow children go;
In every street you're sure to meet
Them running to and fro.

They move around without a sound,
They play at hide-and-seek
But no one yet that I have met
Has ever heard them speak.

Beneath the tree you often see
  Them dancing in and out,
And in the sun there's always one
  To follow you about.

Go where you will, he follows still,
  Or sometimes runs before,
And, home at last, you'll find him fast
  Beside you at the door.

A faithful friend is he to lend,
  His presence everywhere;
Blow out the light—to bed at night—
  Your shadow-mate is there!

Then he will call the shadows all
  Into your room to leap,
And such a pack! they make it black,
  And fill your eyes with sleep!

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

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THE BUILDING OF THE NEST

Margaret Elizabeth Sangster was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1838 and died in 1912.

She wrote many poems and stories during her life. She always tried to help others to do better and be better for reading the things she wrote.

They'll come again to the apple tree—
  Robin and all the rest—
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
  In the snow of the blossom dressed;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
  The building of the nest.

Weaving it well, so round and trim,
  Hollowing it with care,
Nothing too far away for him,
  Nothing for her too fair,
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,
  Their castle in the air.

Ah! mother bird, you'll have weary
days
When the eggs are under your breast,
And shadow may darken the dancing
rays
When the wee ones leave the nest;
But they'll find their wings in a glad
amaze,
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the trees with all your train
When the apple blossoms blow;
Through the April shimmer of sun and
rain,
Go flying to and fro;
And sing to our hearts as we watch
again
Your fairy building grow.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-Books.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

FOREIGN LANDS

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE GOLDEN ROD

Spring is the morning of the year,
  And summer is the noontide bright;
The autumn is the evening clear
  That comes before the winter's night.

And in the evening, everywhere
  Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare
  Like lighted street lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
  From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
  These lamps along the homeward
    track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
  For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
  Will go and put the torches out!

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

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THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

Edward Lear was born in London in 1812 and died in 1888. As a boy, Lear liked to paint. He was especially fond of drawing pictures of animals. When he grew older he wrote many funny stories and rhymes. He drew the pictures for these books himself.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The owl looked up at the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
You are;
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!

Oh, let us be married,—too long we
have tarried,—
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree
grows,
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose,—
His nose;
With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear pig, are you willing to sell for
one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I
will."
So they took it away and were married
next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of
quince,
Which they ate with a runcible
spoon,

And hand in hand, on the edge of the
sand,
They danced by the light of the
moon,—
The moon;
They danced by the light of the moon.

—*Edward Lear.*

TREES

Joyce Kilmer was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, in 1886. He was killed in France during the World War.

Kilmer's tragic death ended a life full of promise for great things.

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—*Joyce Kilmer.*

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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Francis Scott Key was born in the State of Maryland, August 9, 1780, and died in 1843.

Key was a lawyer. During the war of 1812, fought between the United States and England, he was kept on a warship by the British, while they attacked the American Fort McHenry on Chesapeake Bay near Baltimore. During this attack Key wrote his famous song *The Star-Spangled Banner* which has become our National song.

Oh, say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say! does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where are the foe who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion

A home and a country should leave us
no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul
footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and
slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom
of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in tri-
umph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall
stand
Between their loved homes and the
war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the
heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and
preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause
it is just,
And this be our motto—*"In God is
our trust":*
And the star-spangled banner in tri-
umph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

PROVERBS AND MAXIMS

A penny saved is a penny earned.

Haste makes waste.

Nothing is gained without work.

Honor thy father and thy mother.

Well begun is half done.

Deeds are greater than words.